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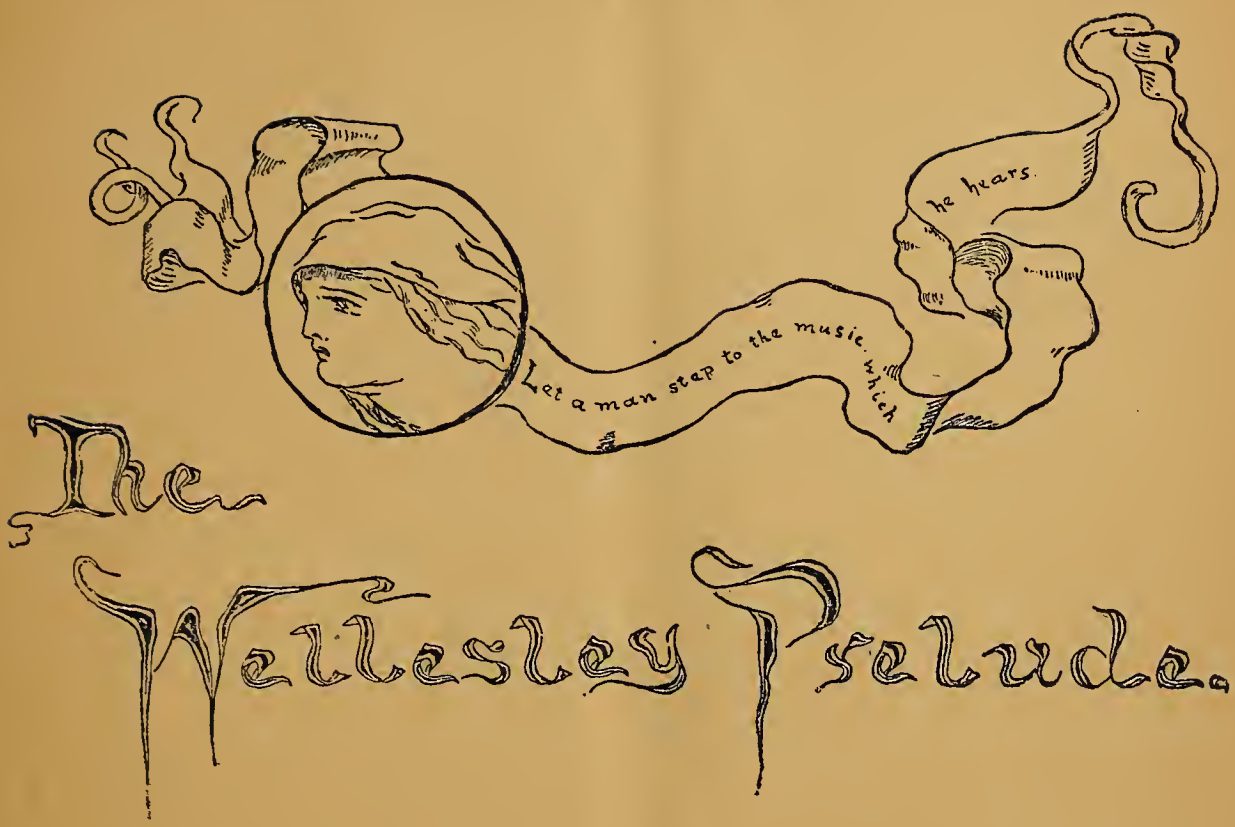

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WELLESLEY, MASS., JUNE 28, 1890.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, JUNE 28, 1890. No. 36

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:

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SARAH M. BOCK, '90.
MARY BARROWS, '90.
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MARY W. BATES, '92.
EDITH S. TUFTS, '84.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to MISS LAUDERBURN, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Mary Barrows, Wellesley, Mass.

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"COMING events cast their shadows before," says the old proverb, and in some cases, it can only be interpreted to mean that, having seen the shadow plainly cast before, it is our part to give it reality. The look of surprise which flitted over the faces of many of the audience at the Glee Club concert as they read the programme, was occasioned by a shadow. Printed on the programme, no less than five times, in bold letters, appeared the words, "Wellesley's Songs," when, as everyone knows, a collection such as those words would seem to indicate, has no physical existence whatever, and yet those words were placed upon the programme, not at all with the intention of misleading the audience, but with a certain very definite purpose in view. They stood there in the hope of being a shadow cast before,—as a suggestion that their implied prediction should be realized before another year is over. There is no reason why we should not have a Wellesley Song Book, indeed there seems to be every reason for it. We have poets to write us songs, musicians to arrange us music for them, we have plenty of college spirit and college fun for inspiration, and we have a Glee Club to sing them, a Glee Club which will be only too glad of the opportunity to sing as many good Wellesley songs as may be written.

There is little difficulty in finding most charming classical selections for the Glee Club to sing, but everyone knows that a programme composed solely of classical music would not have been what the college expected of its Glee Club. A college Glee Club must reflect the college spirit, the college feeling, and the college fun as well, in order to receive enthusiastic support; in fact, a college Glee Club certainly ought to have a college song book, and our especial Glee Club wishes for one very much indeed.

We hope that this desire may be fulfilled during the coming year, but the Glee Club cannot do it alone; it can be accomplished only by a general movement and by general assistance.

Let us think about it a little, and see if it is not a possibility. The long summer vacation is almost here, when our poets and musicians will have ample time to write us songs, so that next fall the Glee Club may have ample material with which to work, and our Wellesley College Song Book may become an actual fact. The shadow has been cast before, it has been visible now several times. All that is left for us to do is to give it actual substance.

Anne Bosworth, '90.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

The ideal of Baccalaureate Sunday was realized on June 22. The peaceful quiet of the day, until four o'clock, was unbroken, except by the prayer-meeting at eleven, led by Miss Peck, the president of the Senior class. The Baccalaureate sermon, preached by Prof. William Jewett Tucker, of Andover, was as follows:

John 1:22, 23. They said therefore unto him, Who art thou? that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself?

He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said Isaiah the prophet.

The supreme interest of this hour, and of the hours which are to follow through the week, lies in the one fact that over a hundred lives which for years have made up a community, or the increasing part of a community, are now to be resolved back into their own personality. If you, and others like you, were to remain indefinitely as a community, undergoing a common discipline and cherishing common ideals, your continuance here beyond a given time would be a matter of very little concern to society, and of far less concern than is now the case to yourselves. The interest of the hour, I repeat, to you and to others, the seriousness of it, and the charm of it, are due to the fact that the common and the related are now giving way before the personal. You are emerging from your environment: you are being lifted whether you will or not, out of the college community: you are yourselves once more—not the old self back again, but the new self with its larger, richer, freer, and I trust nobler life. So you stand confronting the world in yoer new, but in your own personality.

As this fact of your immediate present, began to make itself more vivid and real to my mind, I found myself desirous of speaking to you about one thing above others—namely, the *worth* of *self definition*, the power of being able to answer the question which society is sure to put to one, and which will as surely rise in one's own heart—"*What sayest thou of thyself?*"

We will not delay long upon the personal illustration of this power which comes to us through our text. But it will invigorate our thought if we allow ourselves to linger for the moment in the presence of the Baptist. For he of all men was the man who had defined himself, first to himself, then to others. He knew, for example, what so few know of themselves, what he could not do. He knew, what fewer still know, when his work was done. And rarest of all he knew how to do his work with the exquisite and perfect grace of sincerity.

The scene before us reveals the source of his power. The rulers of the people had sent messengers, as they had an acknowledged right to do, to ask him of himself. When they appear before him and put to him the direct question, Who art thou, John acknowledging their authority answers at once their question: and not their question only but the thought which lay back of it, as many were beginning to question whether he might not be the Christ. I am not the Christ, or more exactly, it is not I who am the Christ. What then, art thou Elijah? whom Malachi had predicted should precede the Messiah in His coming? No. Art thou the prophet, the nameless one whom Moses had foretold? No. Who then art thou? Tell us that we may take an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself? Say that I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord as saith the prophet Isaiah. What sincerity, what absence of presumption and pretense, what apprehension of duty, what simplicity in the estimate of himself. Here was a man who had, as it were, redneed himself to his lowest terms, and who therefore could not be divided and broken up by temptation and doubt. His power was the power of self definition.

The example I grant is unique. Not many lives have been, or could have been, so single as his. But the power itself is not so rare that we do not continually feel its presence: sometimes making itself felt through the calm, steady assertion of personality, in the lives which temper and equalize society making amends for the unintelligent and unregulated desires of the many: and sometimes making itself felt in great surprlses of personal energy and influence, as when a life which has been silently training for some better thing suddenly meets and commands its opportunity. Whatever may be the outward sign the fact is always that of conscious power. Do you say that you have been told that unconsciousness is the mark of power. Not as we see its workings. Can one do right and not be conscious of it? Is there not a joy about right doing commensurate with the pain of wrong doing? Can one think a great thought and not know that it is great, though he may not measure it? Can one do a splendid deed and belong to the commonplace? I doubt if even the exhibitions of power which most surprise us are often personal surprises. I believe that the heroic consciousness underlies the heroic act. No, we are not children of nature in the play of the universe, nor the sons of God in the freedom of holiness, but men and women in God's world—He not far from every one of ns, He within us all—under His discipline, and doing his work, with the alternating experience of failure and achievement.

Let us not be guilty of the affectation of unconsciousness: neither let us fall into a morbid or a vain self-consciousness, but let us try to think our way through into the repose and joy and freedom of conscious power.

The worth then and the power of self definition: first of all through the knowledge one may acquire of ones own limitations. Not, let me say, of limitations which are outwardly imposed, least of all let me say in this presence, of those limitations which may be arbitrarily set up around the life of a woman. I have not yet learned from any one how to bound woman's sphere. I do not know its circumference. But I assume that there must be unpossessed, perhaps undiscovered

territory corresponding to undeveloped resources: and I conclude that with the development of personal power there must go the venture of power.

The knowledge of which I speak is of one's own limitations, and is to be gained chiefly by eliminating the unreal, the unworthy, the impossible from our ambitious. The waste of trying to be what we cannot be, the folly of assuming to be what we are not, the miserable fiction of playing a part in life, how much of all this comes from the failure to know our limitations or the unwillingness to accept them. Allowance must be made for the stage of experiment. The imagination must have time to tempt the powers within us. And here and there a wrong start may be made. But this period safely over it will be found that immense strength has been gained by the process of elimination. Our ambitions relieved of the unworthy, tne unreal, the impossible are free to do their work. I say relieved of the impossible, as well as of the unreal and the unworthy. One of the surest marks of a sane mind is respect for the impossible. It is the scientific spirit in control of the imagination. Science is continually in search after the impossible, feeling after the outer edge of things, which when found, the fact is declared, search is withdrawn, and all energies are directed to filling up the possible. Medical science, for example, no longer continues the vain search after the fountain of youth, but accepting the limitation of life addresses itself to the task of strengthening the years that are, giving us the not infrequent example of men at fourscore bearing on their shoulders the weight of empire.

Nor can you have failed to see that it is the unerring instinct in some men which detects the line of danger, the dim line between the possible and the impossible, which makes them the only permanently and finally successful men. Mere genius may venture too far and make the fatal step. So Napoleon ventured. One of the most sagacious of our modern historians, contrasting Napoleon and Wellington has made a remark to the effect that 'the man who does not know what he cannot do, must soon or late fall before the man who knows what he cannot do.' "Wellington," he says, "not only understood what could be done, but also what could not be done. The wild scheme of almost universal rule which set Napoleon astray and led him to his destruction would have appeared to the strong common sense of the Duke of Wellington as impossible and absurd as they would have looked to the lofty intelligence of Cæsar. Under almost any conceivable condition, Wellington, pitted against Napoleon, was the man to win in the end."

And as you transfer this thought to the region of intellectual and moral endeavor, you cannot overlook the fact that a certain exclusiveness is necessary that one may gain the advantage of a grand inclusiveness. When the Christain idea came into the mind of Paul he determined to make it the ruling idea, admitting no rival. "I determined," he said, not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." That was his power of exclusivenesss. Had he stopped there he might have made a very indifferent Christian. But he adds in reason of this exclusiveness "that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His suffering." While at the very last, still pressing on, his aspirations keeping pace with his inspirations, we hear him saying, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth to those which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

This theory of limitation has in itself almost no limit. We must learn how to exclude that we may include, how to detect the impossible that we may fill up the possible, how to deny the lower ambition that we may satisfy the higher. It is no easy task, this first lesson at the art of self definition. Do you suppose that John would have answered in quick succession the questions that were put to him on the banks of the Jordan, had he not answered them in his own heart in the desert? Could he have put by one assumption after another, one temptation afte ranother, to fill the public eye, had he not first reduced himself to reality? Reality—that is the basis of all personal power.

But you may say to me,—"after all this is only negative. The knowledge of one's limitations is like the knowledge of one's infirmities. It may be necessary, it may prevent much waste of energy, it may make and keep one humble and real. But there is no motive in it. It is not in itself a source of power.

Let us advance a step that we may see the more positive worth of self definition. Self definition may be only another name for *self-valuation*. As the knowledge of one's limitations may give reality, so the knowledge of ones resourses may give assurance, courage, and motive, I quite agree with the saying that on the whole more men fail from the underestimation than from the overestimation of themselves. What we want is neither, but some appreciably true sense of our value. And there is a right and a wrong way of reaching this sense, It is with our attainment as with our inheritances. Two persons are born heirs of a great name. One takes it in mere boastfulness and pride. He lives upon it without seeking to enlarge it or to use it. That which made the name great was the service which they who first bore it rendered their generation. He holds it aloof from his generation. He does not multiply the past into the present. He simply hoards the earnings of nobler and more generous souls, expending no more than may be needed foi

his own benefit until at last the name he bears dwindles in the current thought of men into the proportions of his own selfish life. The other takes his inheritance in trust. It is the gift of the past through him to the present. So he makes himself the channel through which it may flow in its beneficient power. Nothing is lost or absorbed in him. Whatever he has received, takes on the impress of his nature, the force of his endeavor, the quality of his spirit. His personality covers himself and his inheritance. The man and his inheritance are one. Here lies the continuity of blessing. You remember the old formula, beautiful above even the fact in its suggestion, the formula which carried the name of God along with it through the generations, by the added power of personal faith—"The God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."

Now as it is with our inheritances in the matter of personal valuation, so it is with our attainments. Our personaiity covers more than our natural powers. Education is more than the drawing out of these powers. The educated man is the man plus the fact he knows, the idea he cherishes, the truth he believes. No, that is not the full statement of it. Facts, ideas, the truth, are nothing to us until they have become a part of us. And the power of incorporation, if it be not vital, is certainly something more than mathematical. It must, at least, be carried on in heat. In the process of education there are no such things as cold facts,—not the facts of history, not the facts of science. Here, therefore, lies the power of a great teacher; here, above all things, the power of a great school. A great school does not merely teach facts and suggest ideas and declare the truth; it kindles the fire and fans the flame in which facts, ideas, the truth and the mind are fused and welded in inseperable union. And whoever comes forth from this process, can have no mere pride or conceit of learning, only the simpler consciousness of power.

And this enlarged consciousness, this new self valuation, will bring about two results quite diverse, neither of which could be produced in any other way. It will give the courage, the confidence, to attempt great things, perhaps the greatest. Let the personality of anyone, not hitherto remarkable in itself, be reinforced by a fact, or kindled by an idea, or possessed by the truth, and you simply cannot calculate the outcome. Nothing is then impossible except the impossible. A known fact, a fact understood and measured, a fact that has power to awe the soul by its presence is for this very reason, an absolute safeguard to progress. It makes a barrier against the retrograde movement of society, behind which even the cowardly among the enlightened do not dare to retreat. And once established in its place in the individual mind it continually provokes and stimulates thought. "Discoveries are made," Prof. Lyndall says, "by the imagination brooding over facts." This is a necessity. What else can the imagination do when facts, new, strange, and wonderful are put before it? The courage and enthusiasm of those now engaged in scientific pursuits are not to be explained by the incoming of another order of mind, but simply by the presence of exciting facts. And the principle which finds its chief illustration today in science, holds good everywhere. Give to the mind truths of like certainty and import in any department of thought and you have like results. Indeed we are already beginning to witness a change in the enthusiasm of educated men and women through the uprising of a new class of facts, facts not coming in from nature, but coming up from humanity, and thronging and pressing their way into the mind through the gateway of pity and love. The characteristic of the new social study is charity. The characteristic of the new charity is its scientific spirit. The school invades the city, makes settlements in its slums, and attacks the human problems which confront it with eye and ear and hand and heart. This is only another illustration of what education now means,—first the opening of the mind to the truths and facts which lie round about it, and then the summons of the whole nature through this possession to some appropriate endeavor. It is the informed and noble mind which now sets the tasks of the age. And nothing, I think, proves more clearly the validity of the method than its adoption by religion. It is the way in which religion is now reposessing itself of the enthusiasm and power of men. Christianity is addressing itself to the mind of this generation through its facts which have been tried and sifted; through its truths, not as they have been formulated, but as they have been applied in human history; and by introducing afresh, as by a new vision, its one ever-living person, the Divine Man, the Christ of God and of humanity, to be received, appropriated, and made one in fellowship, service, snd joy, by the willing soul. And the effect is seen, not only in a re-awakened religious intelligence, but in a re-awakened conviction and consecration. The mind grateful for having been trusted religiously, is beginning to show its gratitude in a nobler courage. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" is once more the refrain of the Christian faith.

I have said that one result of an enlarged mental consciousness is the confidence it gives to attempt great things. Another and perhaps better result is that more persons are made willing or made able to afford to do little things, and take up with dignity the drudgery of life. The most remarkable scene in many respects in the life of our Lord is that of the washing of the disciple's feet. The scene is introduced in these

words, "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God, riseth from supper and layeth aside his garments: and he took a towel and girded himself. Then he poureth water into a basin and began to wash the disciple's feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded."

Why should not our Lord have stooped to wash his disciple's feet? We can see why other men would have hesitated to do such a thing. They would naturually have questioned whether they could afford to do it. But as for him, knowing what he knew of himself, that he was come from God and was on his way back to God, what was there which he could not afford to stoop to do by the way? The significance of this incident is that inspiration has put this knowledge of Jesus about himself, this sublimest thought in his own consciousness,over against the lowliest, the most menial act in his life. We should not have put it there. We should have said that it belonged among the greater and more heroic acts of his career. We should have put it before the Cross. But inspiration is wiser. The great the heroic have their inspiration in themselves.They summon us when they challenge us to undertake them. It is when duty goes down, unless it is rescued, it becomes drudgery, that we need the inspiration in ourselves. The lowlier the duty given one to do, the greater must be one's consciousness of oneself.

It is therefore one office of a generous and ennobling education to make us not ashamed to do some things which somebody ought to do. Society is in greatest danger just now from the amount of work done by proxy. Wealth patronizes. What is needed is a greater number of persons who might patronize but who will not; who are not afraid to do with all their might what their hands find to do. This larger consciousness of which I speak. this new valuation of self, gives us the freedom of all that is below us. Have you ever thought what a world that is? Have you ever longed to explore it, to read its mystery with the new and clearer vision? Europe is better than Afrlca, but Africa belongs to the world and is worth knowfng. And when some man, strong enough in himself, leaves the beaten path of travel and even of adventure and plunges into its darkness, we wait his return and watch for his words. It is the advantage of a broad and human culture that it makes us explorers and discoverers in the under world of humanity gives us access to it, makes us at home in it. It gives us the true perspective of men and of things. It shows us the worth in things that are least; that now are least, to-morrow they may have changed their grade. Let us not forget the advantage of being able, and of not being ashamed to go down. It is very confining, ti is very humiliating, to be obliged to live always on one level, whether it be from incapacity or pride or fear.

We can advance, I think, one step further in the view we take of self-definition. The worth of it appears, not only as it enables us to put away pretense and conceit and teaches us how to accept our limitations; not only as it gives us the revaluation of ourselves according to the new truths and forces which have been incorporated into our lives, but also as it helps us to find our place in the plan of God. The attempt at self-definition shows us at once that we are made for adjustment with another and larger life. We find that it is written on our very being, "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." We find too the practical significance of the word of our Lord, that he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life, for a right and sufficient end, shall save it. We come to learn, in a word, the infinite wisdom involved in the principle of self-surrender. Perhaps we have lost sight of the wisdom of the principle in our insistence upon it as a religious virtue.With out doubt the principle has been abused. On the one hand, it has been made the occasion of a great deal of waste of life. Lives have been flung away with a kind of spiritual abandon, in a sort of morbid ecstacy. There have been martyrs by mistake. And, on the other hand, it has been made use of in the spirit of calculation. It has been made a mere principle of exchange. So much less of earth, so much more of heaven; loss here the price of the reward there.

But the principle stands. It belongs to the kingdom of God, to any department of that kingdom here and everywhere; and one of the best ways in which we can apprise ourselves of its working power is through the study of ourselves. All successful attempts at self-definition must issue in the acceptance of this principle.

Why the failure of so many apparently honest lives? Why so much of confusion and tumult in the world apart from its sin? It is not because of so many vacant places in the plan of God, places unfilled because of human blindness or obstinacy.

Nothing is more inspiring in the History of the Baptist than the simple fact that he knew his place and kept it. What confusion he might have made in the order of God's providence. Whst if he had listened for a moment to the questionings of the multitude, whether he might not be the Christ? What if he had tried to play the role of the prophets who had gone before and left a great name to re-occupy? What if he had varied his image or extended his work? What if he had not delivered over to Christ the disciples whom he had won? What if he had not withdrawn before that greater presence? What if he had withdrewn with

effect and not in the simple acquiesence of duty, beginning to decrease that He might increase?

We cannot measure this man's temptations, temptations which must have beset him to the very end. But he overcame. He did not swerve by a line from the written word. He did not for a moment lose his place in the plan of God.

And keeping his place there he made more easy, if not actually possible in its human conditions, the place of his Master.

We can never measure the advantage to others of our keeping our own place. And as for ourselves, though we may at times grow restless, repose can never come till we have learned the secret of rest. There is no restfulness out of place. If there was more of self surrender, more of this fitting of one'self into the larger plan, there would be less need of resignation and submission. Let us not begin to practice the passive virtues till we have exhausted the active virtues. Then we shall prove ourselves worthy of our place on the heart of God as well as within his plan. No, I will not separate between the two. The heart of God is in His plan; only when we seem to fail, it is of God's infinite compassion that we are made to know and to feel that the everlasting arms are beneath us and that "the Eternal is our refuge."

I would that there might come to us all the clear and constant vision of the kingdom of God. I would that we might be lifted by it out of our loneliness and shamed by it out of our selfishness. What we call the spirit of the world is the spirit of isolation, of detachment, and when the heart is touched by it, the spirit of disobedience, and when we work under it our work is at best fragmentary, scant and perishable.

Oh for the knowledge of ourselves, and the vision of God, that as we work, and when our work is done we may pray: "Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, the work of our hands, establish Thou it."

I give you, graduates of Wellesley, the hearty and honorable greetings of those from without as you are now to take your place in the larger fellowship of the world. The world accepts not without gratitude and not without hope, the gift of your enlarged, your disciplined, and consecrated lives. Make full proof, I beseech you, of your personality. Be courageous according to your consciousness of power. Be not discouraged if you have not reached the stage of conscious power. Your growth has but begun. Carry out the method you have learned here, which is already illustrated by those who have gone before you, and which is making the name of Wellesley an honor in the land.

Strive first and always to be real. Never try to be more nor other than you are. Originality is only reality. Strive equally to stand for all that you are. Do not work too far below your powers. And if in the good will of God, the word shall come to you, to go down or to go up, do not fear to go either way, if you know that it is the word of the Lord which bids you go.

"And now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages world without end. Amen."

VESPERS.

The last Vesper Service of the year was held in the chapel on Sunday evening, May 22. The audience was a large one, for the many alumnæ and friends of '90 present amply filled the fast thinning college ranks.

Following the regular evening prayers by Prof. Tucker, an especially pleasing musical program was presented. Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles sang with her usual ease and feeling, winning new admirers and not in the least disappointing the expectations of old friends. Prof. Morse's artistic rendering made us realize again with regret how seldom we are permitted to enjoy his singing. The organ always seems the most fitting accompaniment to Miss Marot's singing, and once more helped to show the full possibilities of her rich, powerful voice. Gounod's "Sanctus," which many of us have learned to associate with Sunday evening service at college, was played by Mrs. Stovall with delicacy and feeling, a fitting close to a beautiful service. The following is the full program:

Solo: "Hark! my Soul, it is the Lord." *Gounod.*
Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles.

Duet: "The Lord is my Light." *Buck.*
Miss Blanche Marot and Prof. Morse.

Organ: Cantilène. *Salomé.*
Mrs. Stovall.

Solo: Crucifix. *Faure.*
Prof. Morse.

Solo: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." *Sullivan.*
Mrs. Ruggles.

Organ: Lamentation. *Guilmant.*
Sanctus. *Gounod.*
Mrs. Stovall.

MONDAY.

Presentation of Portrait of Mrs. Palmer.

Wellesley received a valuable addition to her store of treasures in Prof. Horsford's gift to the College of the matchless portrait of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer. The presentation exercises took place at the Art Building on Monday morning, June 23, at half past ten. The picture, veiled with lace draperies, tied with

the white and gold of '86, was placed upon an easel in the picture gallery, directly in front of the collection of laces. The number of guests was so large that they overflowed on all sides about the picture gallery.

Prof. Horsford, standing in the midst of his classmates, and like them wearing the '86 badge of daisies, welcomed them again to their Wellesley home, and expressed his pleasure in being able to grant them the privilege of presenting to their Alma Mater so rare a gift. He knew that if they were to bestow a legacy upon the College, they would choose something which would minister to all those coming after them, and a portrait of her, whose tireless devotion to the interests of the College and loving helpfulness to '86 they could so well remember, would accomplish the aim. The artist, Thayer, of New York, who is without a peer in this country at least, has truthfully expressed the spirituality, the sweet dignity, the grand serenity, the profound look of responsibility of his subject.

Miss Ames, of 86, received Prof. Horsford's trust, which she characterized as an emblem of the best gift which Wellesley, the mother whose generosity is unstinting, gave her daughters of '86—the personal knowledge of a noble life. After the College Glee Club sang "Alma Mater," two of her classmates drew aside the lace veil, and Miss Friday, of '86, in the name of the class presented the picture to President Shafer, saying that they still kept for themselves a memory picture, around which are written words of wisdom and loving advice, and which, with the love they bear their brother, inspires them to renew the determination to live up to the College motto: "Non ministrari, sed ministrare."

As President Shafer received the gift she said that Wellesley realized that her imperishable treasure is in the hearts of her daughters. At her first reunion '86 gave the College the statue of Elaine, the ideal of noble womanhood, and now, the portrait of her who bore the shield into the conflict. The true artist seizes the moment when the highest spirituality dignifies form and face. Such a moment has our artist taken, and we shall see her ever before us tender, generous in bountiful help to offer, inspired with the sense of the world's need. After the singing of "All Hail to the College Beautiful" by the Glee Club, opportunity was given to all for closer examination of Wellesley's new treasure.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

On Monday evening, June 23, the College Chapel was filled to overflowing with the students, past and present, and their many guests. The Commencement Concert was given by the well-known Beethoven Club of Boston, assisted by Miss Emma Howe, soprano.

Special mention must be made of the soloists. We were more than glad to hear Miss Pray again. Miss Howe never sang better, and was encored both times. Mr. Allen and Mr. Van Santvoord played in their usual delightful manner, and it was with great regret that we realized that for some of us this was probably the last Beethoven Club Concert to be heard for a long time.

The following is the programme:

Jadassohn—Serenade for Sextette, Op. 80. Intrata, Allegro di Marcia. Notturno, Andante Sostenuto.

Goltermann— } Violoncello Solo } Cantilena from Concerto.
Popper— } Tarantella.

Miss Georgia Pray.

Thomas—Polonaise from Mignon, "Io son Titania."

Miss Emma S. Howe.

Scharwenka — { Intermezzo. / Tanzweise. } Op. 53.

Terschak—Caprice for Flute.

Mr. G. B. Van Santvoord.

Saint-Saens— { Reverie du Soir from Suite Algérienne.
Gillet— { Au Moulin.

Bishop—Song—"Lo, hear the Gentle Lark."

(Flute obligato by Mr. Van Santvoord.)

Miss Emma S. Howe.

Mendelssohn—Andante and Finale from Violin Concerto.

Mr. C. N. Allen.

Gounod—Souvenir de l' Opéra "Roméo and Juliet."

TUESDAY.

COMMENCEMENT.

Three o'clock on Commencement Day found the Chapel filled to overflowing. Every chair and every available spot where a chair could be placed was occupied, and still the guests were obliged to stand in the hall around the door. Any discomfort which may have arisen must serve as a forcible object lesson to many friends on the immediate and urgent need of a new chapel.

After the organ prelude by Prof. Hill, Ex-Gov. Claflin opened the exercises by asking Rev. Judson Smith, of Boston to read a selection from Melancthon's Latin Bible. Prayer was then offered by Bishop Andrews of New York. The Beethoven Society sang, "I will Lift up My Eyes," after which followed the address, given by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Ph. D., L. H. D., the first woman who has ever been asked to be the Commencement orator.

Mrs. Palmer said that the sudden demand upon her to fill the place of the wittiest speaker in the land imposed upon her no light task. She recognized that World's Fairs and Scotch Universities must be attended to, even if '90 is to say farewell to her Alma Mater, and there are times so sweet and sacred that those who are asked are glad to come. This was such a time and place and she came with many tender thoughts of the year when morning after morning she stood before this her last class, '90, and of ten years ago when she came to her first Wellesley Commencement, when renowned '80 took her diploma.

Twenty years ago saw the signing of the charter which made Wellesley possible, and the first meeting of the Trustees. It is the census year, and Mrs. Palmer said that we were come to take our own census, to look back upon our decade, or two decades since the laying of the chapel foundations. A few days ago we gathered to congratulate Vassar with all our hearts on her quarter of a century of noble service, which made our existence more possible.

The twenty years of our past gives us faith and courage. It has been a time of many college endowments. Harvard has added seven and a half millions to what she had formerly. Many new colleges have been formed, in proof of which we remember the names of Johns Hopkins, Clarke University, the New University of Chicago, the universities of the Pacific coast, Harvard Annex, Barnard in New York, and the Woman's College of Baltimore. Now only Germans and Russians shut the doors of the highest education to women. Twenty years ago two girls entered the University of Michigan. Now two-thirds of the hundred and fifty thousand students of the nine hundred and eighty-eight colleges and universities chartered at Washington, are women.

It has been a time of unparallelled discussion and change. Wise men of college and university have been trying to define what the university is, have tried to develop the college into the univerversity. New systems of education have come into use, among them the group system of electives. Methods have changed. Now we have sight-reading of the classics; text books are thrown aside, and science is taught by observation and laboratory.

Education has been popularized. We see evidence in the fact that seventy-five thousand men and women, many of them with gray hair upon their brows, join the Chataqua movement, by which they are bound to spend the year reading and studying, often in carpenter shop and at the mechanic's bench. It has been a time for the founding of graduate departments, and departments for scientific specialists, as Bryn Mawr, and Clarke, and Stamford testify; and on the other hand it has been a time which has so brought education before the hard-working lives of our land through our schools that they of the next generation will send their boys and girls to college.

The kindergarten system has been developed. The importance of educating the eye and hand as well as the brain has been recognized,and Institutes of Technology and Scientific Institutes have been founded all over the land. Then, too, it has been a time of organization. Our nation had passed its two hundred and fiftieth birthday before the masters of colleges joined with the heads of the preparatory schools of the country to settle the requirements for admission to college. It has been a time of organization and discussion, of the opening of our eyes to needs, of new conceptions of service.

At last we recognize that during the last twenty years it has become the settled policy of this country that the education of our boys and girls shall be in the main committed to our women. Out of ten thousand one hundred and twenty-two public school teachers, only nine hundred and one are men. Women are found in our professional schools, and even in the schools of theology.

We now confront the question, "What has Wellesley done?" "Has the part she has played for the last twenty years been an efficient, honorable, and wise one?" We owe much to the temper of our Founder in that he so patiently and wisely saw the needs of the time for which he built. Then there were no preparatory schools for girls. Vassar had begun wisely. Our Founder began to teach thoroughly, strongly, soundly the fundamentals of education. For five years preparatory students were here, until at last a half a hundred girls went out from college walls to make as many schools all over the land. Wellesley has remembered that

modesty and patience lead to honor, wealth, and glory, and she has built solidly. Our founder's vision of laboratories, cottages, and halls on every hill, of a place where a woman could study whatever serious subject she might wish to know, comes every year nearer realization.

Wellesley's daughters have worn faithfully and carried on bravely the trust the College has placed in their hands. The forty courses open to '80 have widened into one hundred and five for '90; the forty members of the Faculty are now almost a hundred: the three hundred students, now seven hundred: and the little band of a half dozen graduate students, now six times as large. Five thousand daughters, the hope of the home and society, have come and gone. Six hundred Alumnæ hold the highest honors of the College.

This certainly is clear, that the college education of our girls and its influence on the home and on society will make, as no other influence can, for the health of the home and society. And it also is clear that a noble and absorbing interest is the best thing for a woman. College training makes an influence for the purity, permanence and dignity of the homes of the land, and we are not afraid to trust all the great interests of home and society, whether in New England or China, of all humanity to the great heart of intelligent womanhood.

"How shall we fit ourselves to hold our new worlds firmly and steadily?" As we reflect upon this question, we decide that the time before we, pass out of the old century is the time for Wellesley to pass from a college to a university. She stands ready. Her fundamental work is done. She should be able to train teachers for the better training of the little children of our common schools.

This is the message of the ten years, the message to the class whose blessing we come to give. We come to send you out to the world that needs you, to honor Wellesley, with your lives, as she cannot honor you. You are young and strong. We welcome you, we want your hope and enthusiasm in home and drawing-room, in church and in school. We give you joy and welcome into the world to come and teach the love and bravery and courage of your blossoming womanhood, to live up to the College motto, "Non ministrari sed ministrare." We give you our blessing, and may peace be within these walls and prosperity forever in these palaces, and all the ends of the world shall hear of Him in Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

After the address the Beethoven Society sang two part songs, "Winter" and "Daffodils," and again, after the conferring of the degrees, "Summer Sunshine." The benediction and the organ postlude by Prof. Hill closed the exercises. The candidates for degrees were as follows:

Master of Arts.

Alice Upton Pearmain (Wellesley, '83), Chelsea, Mass.
Thesis: The Democratic Spirit in Nineteenth Century Literature.

FIVE YEARS' COURSES, WITH MUSIC OR ART.

Bachelor of Arts.

Ruth Elizabeth Abbott,	Wakefield, Mass.
Sarah Hogate Groff,	Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
Katharine Eloise Horton,	Windsor Locks, Conn.
Edith Myra James,	Omaha, Neb.
Katharine Jane Lane,	Roxbury, Mass.
Jennie Potter Mitchell,	Haverhill, Mass.
Ethel Paton,	East Orange, N. J.
Katharine Mordantt Quint,	Allston, Mass.
Florence Evelyn Soule,	Taunton, Mass.
Isabelle Stone,	Chicago, Ill.
Edith Sturges,	Oak Park, Ill.
Elsie Thalheimer,	Cincinnati, O.
Charlotte Westcott,	Auburn, N. Y.

Bachelor of Science.

Grace Andrews,	New York, N. Y.
Helen Weston Holmes,	Plymouth, Mass.
Emma Shaw Pleasants,	Pottsville, Pa.
Helen Amanda Storer,	Akron, O.

FOUR YEARS' COURSES.

Bachelor of Arts.

Elvira Kingsbury Andrews,	Shelburne, Mass.
Anna Louise Arnold,	Worcester, Mass.
Luella Aumack,	Tom's River, N. J.
Clara Latimer Bacon,	Abingdon, Ill.
Alice Cary Baldwin,	Cambridge, Mass.
Mary Barrows,	Fryeburg, Me.
Sarah Abalena Bass,	Plainfield, N. J.
Alice Gray Bothwell,	Albany, N. Y.
Lillian Carter Brooks,	Woburn, Mass.
Emily Frances Brown,	Johnstown, N. Y.
Mary Mabel Brown,	Peabody, Mass.
Anne Burgess,	Portland, Me.

Susan Wade Child,	New Hampton, N. H.
Helen MacGregor Clarke,	Norwich Town, Conn.
Nellora Harriet Clough,	Kalamazoo, Mich.
Gertrude Louisa Coddington,	Syracuse, N. Y.
Mariana Gogswell,	Gilford, N. Y.
Bessie Lesquereux Cook,	Springfield, Mass.
Maud Howard Crane,	Homer, N. Y.
Mabel Gair Curtis,	Boston, Mass.
Rosa Dean,	Exeter, N. H.
Kent Rolla Dunlap,	Virden, Ill.
Ethel Adelia Glover,	Washington, D. C.
Mabel Lee Godfrey,	Milford, Mass.
Charlotte Eliza Greenbank,	West Wareham, Mass.
Nettie Jane Hale,	Weston, Vt.
Charlotte Elizabeth Halsey,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Anna May Hamilton,	Wakefield, Mass.
Henrietta Eliza Hardy,	Arlington, Mass.
Evangeline Hathaway,	Woodfords, Me.
Lillian Louise Haynes,	Troy, N. Y.
Flora Etta Hidden,	Cambridge, Mass.
Mary French Hitch,	New Bedford, Mass.
Margaret Josephine Holley,	Selma, Ala.
Anna Belle Jenks,	Norwich, N. Y.
Christine Karslake,	Albany, N. Y.
Fannie Agnes Knapp,	Sitka, Alaska.
Lizzie Dwight Leach,	Randolph, Mass.
Florence Edith Leonard,	Sharon, Mass.
Annie May Linscott,	Boston, Mass.
Sarah Jane McNary,	Newark, N. J.
Mabel Augusta Manson,	Portsmouth, N. H.
Elisabeth Browning Mason,	Herndon, Va.
Lucia Morrill,	Conway, N. H.
Ruth Eastman Morrill,	Conway, N. H.
Caroline Edna Noble,	Springfield, Mass.
Fanny Palen,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Etta Richardson Parker,	Boston, Mass.
Helen Adams Parker,	Fitzwilliam, N. H.
Angie Lacey Peck,	Warren, O.
Alice Marion Richardson,	Woburn, Mass.
Rose Julia Sears,	Stockbridge, Mass.
Isabelle Aiken Sinclair,	Worcester, Mass.
Bertha Eliza Smith,	Hartford, Conn.
Ruth Gage Strong,	Ashtabula, O.
Josepha Virginia Sweetser,	Wakefield, Mass.
Louise Bradford Swift,	Detroit, Mich.
Mary Field Taft,	Stafford Springs, Conn.
Grace Fitzhugh Thomson,	Shanghai, China.
Mary Noyes Tyler,	Tylerville, Conn.
Clare Lyon Wade,	Helena, Montana.
Ida May Wallace,	Wakefield, Mass.
Edith Hubbard Warren,	East Saginaw, Mich.
Abbie Elizabeth Wiggin,	Haverhill, Mass.

Bachelor of Science.

Anne Lucy Bosworth,	Woonsocket, R. I.
Grace Mason Brackett,	Brookline, Mass.
Ella Williams Bray,	Yarmouthport, Mass.
Caroline Hill Brown,	Woburn, Mass.
Martha Pike Conant,	Greenfield, Mass.
Ruth Stockbridge Damon,	Plymouth, Mass.
Mabel Doolittle,	Schuylerville, N. Y.
Mary Louise Dransfield,	Rochester, N. Y.
Mary Lucasta Fish,	Brunswick, Me.
Lillian Henrietta Fishel,	Babylon, Long Island, N. Y.
Mary Vinia Fitch,	Binghamton, N. Y.
Georgine Zetelle Fraser,	Waverly, Baltimore, Md.
Emily Camilla Gowans,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Gennie Hickok,	Morrisville, Vt.
Mary Delia Lauderburn,	Hazleton, Pa.
Annie Louise Lord,	Ipswich, Mass.
Jennie Bond McIver,	Worcester, Mass.
Florence Edith May,	Barre, Mass.
Mary Sophia Miller,	Adrian, Mich.
Ann Maria Mitchell,	Hinsdale, N. H.
Mary Watson Moderwell,	Chicago, Ill.
Katherine Morse,	North Haverhill, N. H.
Anna Matilda Olsson,	Cambridge, Mass.
Mary Jennings Orton,	Columbus, O.
Belle Sherwin,	Cleveland, O.
Annie Manson Smith,	Bedford, Mass.
Malvina Weiss,	Honesdale, Pa.
Mary Eastman Woodin,	Amherst, Mass.
Mary Martin Yardley,	Lock Haven, Pa.
Mary Porterfield Young,	Louisville, Ky.

GRADUATES OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Piano and Harmony.

Katharine Eloise Horton,	Windsor Locks, Conn.
Edith Myra James,	Omaha, Neb.
Gertrude Nye,	South Natick, Mass.
Florence Evelyn Soule,	Taunton, Mass.

Organ and Harmony.

Helen Amanda Storer,	Akron, O.

Voice and Harmony.

Emma Shaw Pleasants,	Pottsville, Pa.

GRADUATES OF THE SCHOOL OF ART.

Carrie Mabel Field,	Milford, Mass.
Florence Newman,	Deerfield, Mass.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS of '90.

In the Five Years' Courses with Music or Art.

Sarah Malinda Bock,	Boston, Mass.
Helen Anne Dempsey,	Cleveland, O.
Caroline Muzzy Dresser,	Castine, Me.
Helen Blanche Field,	Taunton, Mass.
Sarah Jane Freeman,	Morristown, N. J.
Emeline Place Hayward,	New York, N. Y.
Edith Mary Luther,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Alice Mabel Norton,	Bennington, Vt.
Grace Annot Pierce,	East Jaffrey, N. H.
Cornelia Irene Rosa,	Woodlawn Park, Ill.

A social event that will long be remembered in the annals of '83 was the delightful dinner at the Algonquin Club, Boston, that was given to her class on Monday evening, June 23, by Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain.

This occasion was also the Triennial Reunion of '83. Thirteen were present. Old memories were revived and College friendships strengthened. Several letters from absent members were read and memorial tributes from the friends of Louise Penfield Langford, and Mrs. Harriette Adgate Conant. Items of class history, gleaned from the sketches recently collected by Mrs. Adelaide Eaton Abbe were presented, and photographs of some of Wellesley's grandchildren, including the two little boys of the hostess, were greatly enjoyed.

At an informal meeting on Alumnæ Day it was

Resolved: That the hearty thanks of the Class of '83 be tendered to Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Pearmain for their kind hospitality at the Triennial Reunion of 1890.

Anna Robertson Brown,
(*For the Class of* '83.)

COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

The gay hum of conversation after the discussion of the more substantial elements of the Commencement Dinner was hushed at length by Miss Shafer's cordial speech of welcome to all, whose presence marked good-will and confidence. Welcome was given to all representatives of sister colleges, and most hearty greeting to all the daughters of Wellesley. The gracious Alma Mater experiences a peculiar feeling as she finds she is taxed to the utmost to overcome the limits of space for the reception of her daughters, whose finest talent and most royal service she needs, and knows she will always command. To all other friends cordial welcome was given.

Miss Shafer then gave a slight sketch of the state of the college, at the end of this her fifteenth year. She has not received a large endowment, for people seem to think that women's colleges can take care of themselves and it is the men's colleges that need all attention. In 1888 out of the four and a half millions of dollars given to colleges, only one-half million went to colleges and higher seminaries for women. With the celebration of Vassar's twenty-fifth anniversary it is hoped that the enthusiasm raised will coin itself into endowments. During the past year Wellesley has received two scholarships of five thousand dollars, and one partial scholarship of one thousand dollars, and valuable new paintings, prominent among which is the protrait of Mrs. Palmer. The latest gift is a fund of a thousand dollars as a foundation of a botanical museum. There are four hundred and fifty applications for the Freshman class next September, and of these only two hundred and fifty can possibly be admitted. Thus our progress cannot be shown in increased number, but since the number of conditions allowed those entering the Freshman class is lessened, the standard of the college is raised. This year there have been more applications for graduate work than ever before. We need scholarships and fellowships. The trustees of the college have established a chair of comparative philology and appointed to it Miss Helen L. Webster of the University of Zurich. Through the kindness of a friend, we now shall have a second professorship of Greek. Dr. Eliza Ritchie will take the place of Miss Case, who goes abroad for two years, as associate professor of psychology.

Miss Shafer expressed the gratitude of the college to the board of trustees, and called upon Ex-Gov. Claflin, who spoke of the wonderful progress of the college, and of the difficulty of looking ahead for its best interests in contrast with the ease and pleasantness of looking backward.

Miss Shafer then introduced Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer as one of those women who were among the first to meet the opposition to women entering college, one of the first presidents of a woman's college, one of the first women to be elected to the Massachusetts Board of Education, the first woman orator at Wellesley Commencement, and therefore as one most capable of speaking on the subject of "Pioneer Womanhood."

Mrs. Palmer remarked on the delightful sensation of first being called upon as the oldest inhabitant. As such she claimed the right of being reminiscent; and touched upon the experiences of the first girls at Michigan. Then, looking forward to 1900, she expressed the hope that so many might come for the higher degrees of M. A., M. S., and Ph. D., that there would be no more room in our little chapel for the candidates for B. A., and B. S., than there is now for under-graduates at Commencement. But in those days, if the trustees and aged pioneers were content, there would be a great chapel and a great dining-room

Miss Shafer then spoke of the stimulus Wellesley received from her sister college, Smith, and asked for a word from Pres. Seelye. Pres. Seelye said that Victor Hugo says, "This is woman's century," but without doubt the present was woman's hour. He spoke of one phase of the question of woman's education not before mentioned, the banishing of the spirit of skepticism, the silencing of the question, "What shall you do with your intelligent woman?" He showed that Wellesley and Smith are not rivals but co-workers, twin-sisters, for they were born in the same month and year, and assured Wellesley that her twin-sister heartily rejoiced in her glory.

Miss M. E. B. Roberts was next introduced, honorary member of '93, but about to leave Wellesley to take new Freshman electives at Cornell. She was

rather an academical phenomenon since she was both a member of the faculty, and the most recently admitted member of '93, with only one condition, and that one of domestic economy. As a member of the faculty, she congratulated the college on the greater maturity and womanliness and higher scholarship of each succeeding Freshman class, and on the growing co-operation in secondary schools. To the trustees, she tendered most cordial thanks for their broad thought and wide scholastic impulse; to the new members of the faculty, a hearty hand-clasp, and to their lady president, most appreciative gratitude.

Prof. Horsford, as a representative honorary member, illustrated as he said, what sort of looking creatures they are, and spoke of their resemblance to presidents of the United States in that they are chosen to office, serve four years, and are ineligible to a second term of service. Prof. Horsford explained the significance of the name of the cottage of Norumbega, which connects it with the long lost city of the Norsemen, the discovery of which brings Massachusetts its unquestionably most valuable historical possession.

"Women in the medical profession," was responded to by Miss Alice T. Hall, of the chair of physiology and hygiene in the college of Baltimore. She showed that though now the number of physicians having college diplomas is small, yet there is an ever-growing demand for the better and longer preparation of physicians, a demand coming not from the public, but from the medical profession; and that the college-bred woman is raising the standard of that profession.

Chief-Justice Wade, of Montana, responded for the "Fathers," and showed that the New England principles of education have been carried far into the West.

Miss Shafer last called upon one always ready to respond to her Alma Mater's every need, Miss Anna Robertson Brown, '83, to speak of "The College Woman in Social Life." She noticed the great change in Wellesley's social life, by means of which stndents go out into the world more prepared to take their part in the social life there. The question to be considered concerning the social life here in college is, "Does it tend toward developing the two aims of social fellowship?" The plan of the English girls, who spend three and a half hours every afternoon in social enjoyment, though mostly out of doors, seems to give them not only much pleasure but gains them real strength for work. Miss Brown in closing said that it seemed to her that the social life at Wellesley had now reached an almost ideal point, since we are a miniature world, and by which we are enabled to go out into the world's society with the strong earnest spirit which is there so sadly needed.

After the dinner, a reception was held on the first floor centre, offering many delightful opportunities for visits with friends, while the college walls re-echoed with the sweet strains of music furnished by the orchestra on the second floor. Miss Shafer and Mrs. Durant received in the Browning room.

FRIDAY.

Graduates' Concert.

A concert of unusual interest was that given on Friday evening, June 20, by the graduates of the School of Music. As a whole it surpassed all previous efforts of this nature in the history of the College. For the first time this concert of the graduates was admitted to the dignity of one of the series of Commencement exercises, and in the opinion of all it was a well merited concession.

There was throughout the programme an utter lack of the amateurishness in conception and rendering so often observable in such concerts, and in its stead, a broad, noble, artistic rendering of the several numbers that attested to the earnest, patient work that has extended from the entrance of these students to the present time. When such work as this can be shown with an average practice of one and a half hours a day during the college year, in addition to all of the required work, is it not a strong plea in favor of admitting music as an elective, for surely ability to interpret a composer's meaning, such as was shown by the performers on Friday evening, is an evidence of a mental training no less thorough and no less valuable than that acquired by any other course of study. The programme was most harmoniously arranged, each selection seeming to be perfectly adapted to the individuality of its interpreter, and flowers, applause, and enthusiasm were the order of the evening. The masterly rendition of the organ numbers was an effectual answer to those adverse critics who insist that a woman cannot play the organ. Miss Storer's touch is exquisitely delicate, but at the same time firm and unwavering; her command of the organ and her artistic appreciation of her selections seemed perfect, and her pedal playing, so the critics say, is remarkably fine. The Beethoven Concerto in C major was rendered by Miss Soule in a thoroughly artistic manner, the dynamic effects, the well-drawn contrasts of light and shade were charmingly brought out, while Miss Soule's precision of touch and time displayed the full sonorousness of the grand composition. Miss Pleasant's selections were of so varied a character as to give full scope to her voice, and to show its adaptability to various styles of composition, but the gem of the vocal numbers was generally conceded to be the Barcarola by Rossini.

The greatest ordeal on the programme was probably Schumann's Concerto in A minor, a work which de-

mands the greatest ability, and in which renowned artists have been known to fail at critical moments, and the satisfactory manner in which its severe requirements were met was a triumph of Miss James' skill.

Beethoven's Concerto in C minor called into play Miss Horton's light, delicate, and essentially musical touch, and an especially brilliant effect was produced in the Cadenza.

In Hiller's Concerto in F sharp minor the brilliancy and abandon of Miss Nye's playing found full scope. The Concerto demanded great strength, brilliancy, and rapidity of execution, and the demand was fully met.

The programme of the concert was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

Hesse—Introduction, Theme and Variations, in A major, Op. 47. For organ.
Helen Amanda Storer.

Beethoven—Concerto in C major, Op. 15. First movement. Allegro con brio. Cadenza by Carl Reinecke.
Florence Evelyn Soule.

Weber—Cavatina, "Und ob die Wolke," Der Freischütz.
Emma Shaw Pleasants.

Schumann—Concerto in A minor. First movement. Allegro affetuoso.
Edith Myra James.

Neidlinger—Songs "Memories," "Night," "Morning."
Emma Shaw Pleasants.

Beethoven—Concerto in C minor, Op. 37. First movement. Allegro con brio. Cadenza by Ignaz Moscheles.
Katharine Eloise Horton.

Massenet—"Pensée d'Automne."
Rossini—Barcarola—"Les Soirées Musicales."
Brahms—"Meine Liebe ist grün."
Emma Shaw Pleasants.

Hiller—Concerto in F sharp minor, Op. 69. Allegro quasi fantasia.
Gertrude Nye.

Bach—Organ Fugue in G minor (The greater).
Helen Amanda Storer.

Orchestral accompaniments to the Concertos played on a second piano.

'86's REUNION.

As early as Friday morning, the eager faces of '86 girls peered from coach windows as they neared once more their Alma Mater which had always welcomed their coming, gladdened their staying, and blessed their out-going. To many, this was the first return. What wonder that every heart thrilled with joy at seeing again the towers and woods and lake of dear old Wellesley: at feeling the hearty hand grasp, and responding to the loving greetings of old friends!

The class assembled Monday morning at the new Art Building to receive and give to its Alma Mater the portrait of Mrs. Palmer. The loving and generous words of Professor Horsford, as he placed this treasure in our hands, were answered by Miss Ames of '86. Miss Friday of the same class gave the picture to President Shafer, who in the name of the College, received this beautiful memorial of our former President. The members of '86 then turned to the new pleasure which the love of their honorary member had provided. A drive along the beautiful New England roads, brought them to the graceful tower that marks the site of Norumbega. Thence a little steam launch carried its freight of happy girls down the Charles River to Watertown, where carriages awaited them, to complete the journey to Cambridge. Soon the class had assembled at Craigie House to taste again the kindly hospitality of its mistress, and exchange greetings with Mrs. Palmer.

On Tuesday evening occurred the class reunion. After an hour's business meeting, the arrival of Professor Horsford banished all thoughts save those of pleasure. The literary meeting that followed proved unusually interesting, and taught the class to realize how much had come to enrich the lives of its members in the last four years.

It is a new mark of the ever watchful love of our elder brother, to find that every member of '86 will receive a souvenir of this reunion—containing in full an account of all the happy times that the commencement of '90 brought to this most favored class.

SECOND REUNION OF THE CLASS OF '87.

Eighty-seven Wellesley girls, twenty-six of them met at the *Thorndike*, Boston, June 21, at half past one. After the welcomes, we followed our Vice-President and our favorite brother to the table, and in the busy time that followed tongues and ears were requisite no less than forks and waiters. After the coffee, our toast-mistress,—"'tis *True*, 'tis pity"—introduced Alice Vant George, who responded for our three class-babies. Then Jennie Storms spoke for the elder babies in "The Public Schools." With Florence Hughes we followed the fashion of "Looking Backward" while Mabel E. Nevins forecast the future in answering to "Our Motto ἀεί προιόντες." Gov. Claflin's heartfelt words on Mr. Durant made us feel more deeply than ever our loss in not having known him

who thought "Wellesley College." Fifteen '87's including our President were with us by letter and gave a delightful half hour. With *au revoirs* we separated, many of us to meet soon at Wellesley.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Saturday afternoon, June 21, from four until seven, Mrs. Durant received the Seniors at her home beside the lake. In the evening Miss Shafer gave a reception at Norumbega to the Seniors and their guests and the Alumnæ.

Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha welcomed back their old members by a reunion in Society Hall, on Monday afternoon, June 23. In the Botanical Lecture Room, Stone Hall, the Shakespeare Society entertained its Senior members and Alumnæ.

Freeman and Norumbega gave afternoon teas to their friends on Monday afternoon, June 23.

The Fifth-year Seniors of '89 passed a delightful evening with Mrs. Durant, Tuesday, June 17. A very pleasant feature of the evening was the opportunity of meeting and talking with Mrs. Fowle.

Monday evening, June 15, Eliot Cottage serenaded Mrs. Durant in honor of her birthday.

The members of Prof. Elizabeth H. Denio's party, sailing Saturday noon, June 21, from Boston, on the Cunard steamer Scythia for Liverpool, are: Miss Florence Bigelow, '84; Miss Mattie H. McFarland, '88; Miss Mary Lena McMaster, '88; Miss Gertrude Nye, Miss Augusta Johnson, Miss Mary Edna Bailey, Miss Flora M. Fay, Miss Alice Prescott Fay, and Miss Kate L. Adams.

Miss Kendall, Miss Peck, Miss Lauderburn and Miss Sherwin went on an interesting excursion the week before Commencement. They started Tuesday morning, and spent that day and the next driving. It would be difficult to give a plan of their route, as there was no plan. The time was spent in happening upon villages and in losing the way. The travellers visited Concord, Lexington and numerous Sudburys.

The Seniors, in cap and gown, went to Woodlawn Hotel, Auburndale, for their class dinner, Thursday, June 19. About a hundred were present, including several former members of '90.

The reunion of the class of '89 began with the meeting with Miss Case Sunday morning, when she read two orations, Moses and David, the latter prepared especially for this occasion.

The reunion formally took place at noon, Monday, June 23, at Wood Cottage, with an attendance of fifty-six members, including the newly-elected associate member, Miss Case. After a short business meeting, the history of '89's fifth year was read by Isabelle Stone and Louise Magone, and messages were read from Dr. Brooks and absent members of the class.

Lunch was served in the dining-room at one o'clock, and after a pleasant hour of reminiscence, and exchanged greetings, a number of toasts were given. Among these should be especially noticed the one to Miss Case, to which she responded.

After the toasts the class sang Alma Mater and the Tree song, and so ended the first happy reunion.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Harmony in Praise. Edited and compiled by Mills Whittlesey and A. F. Jamieson. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.05. This book has been prepared for use in worship in the home, the school and the college. The general plan followed is that of grouping four hymns about a tune in the middle of the page, and the music has been so arranged that every note is within the compass of the ordinary untrained voice. The book is in convenient form, tastefully bound, and with large clear type. Besides many of our well-known and most cherished tunes; there are some new ones composed or adapted expressly for *Harmony in Praise*. The tunes are all such as are the most fitting expression of an improving musical taste. Among the hymns none of the general favorites seem to have been overlooked, while many new ones that promise to be as great favorites have been added, all breathing a sincere spirit of reverent, loving devotion. We feel sure that the book will very soon become a helpful and much prized addition to the service of prayer and praise in many homes and schools.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

John Jay. By Geo. Pellew.
Lectures on Art. By T. W. Moody.
Authobiography of Edward Herbert.
Pronunciation of Greek. By E. A. W. S. Dawes.
Public Domain. By Thos. Donaldson.
Butterflies of Eastern U. S. and Canada. By Sam'l H. Scudder.
Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, &c. Ed. By Rolfe.
Integral Co-operation. By A. K. Owen.
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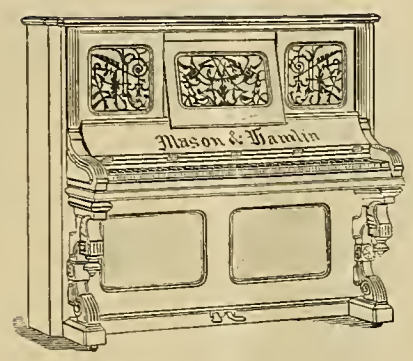

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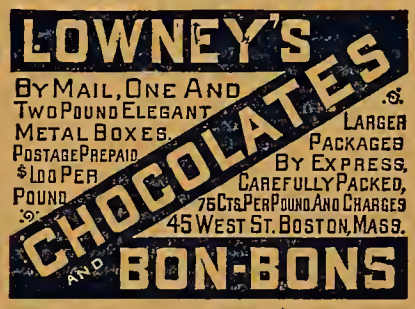

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